

## Max and Eleven's Stranger Hobby by issacrocks

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**Summary:** College AU. One Saturday afternoon, Max decides to tie up and play with her roommate, who is (for the most part) happy to oblige... rated M for sexual content and consensual kink/bondage, don't like don't read, etc. etc.

## Max and Eleven's Stranger Hobby

The following story contains mild/moderate language, nudity, sexual content, and consensual bondage/BDSM. If you are not comfortable with that, please do not proceed.

All characters involved are 18 or older, and belong to Netflix (and/or the Duffer Brothers).

Jane moaned as Max yanked the rope tight behind her back, binding her wrists together. The two of them were alone in Jane's bedroom on a Saturday afternoon. Jane was dressed in only a black pair of bra and panties, while Max had on a Clash T-shirt and red boy-shorts.

"There we go, nice and secure," Max said with a smirk. "Bend over the bed for me."

Jane looked over her shoulder and growled at the redhead, but her defiance melted like butter when she saw the stern look on Max's face.

"Eleven. Do as I say."

Jane felt herself grow a little bit wetter at the use of her old name. With only a little reluctance, she turned and bent over the bed. It wasn't like she could do much to resist — with her hands tied behind her back and her ankles cuffed together (with barely enough slack to move), Max could just push her onto the bed if necessary.

"You really have been a naughty little girl, haven't you, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," Jane whispered. She still had a hard time believing that their dynamic had turned into this. It seemed like just a few months ago, they were "normal" friends and college roommates — going to parties, occasionally drinking beer, and arguing with each other almost all the time. Then one day, the two of them stumbled across a BDSM porno. Once they got past their initial shock, Max was surprisingly intrigued and wanted to try it. Jane was perfectly willing to oblige... and now, here they were.

"You know what happens to naughty little girls?"

"...they get punished?"

"Correct-a-mundo."

In one fluid motion, Max yanked Jane's panties down to her knees. Before the bound brunette could brace herself, the redhead stood back up and spanked her ass with a resounding \*SMACK\*. Jane yelped, feeling her body jolt in response. Max grinned and added, "God, I love how soft and spank-able your ass is, slave."

Jane nodded, the soreness in her rear eliciting a mixture of pain and pleasure. Max wound up and delivered five more spanks in quick succession, each time drawing another yelp from her poor captive.

"Well, as sexy as you look, I think you could do with a little less clothing," Max sighed as she pulled out a pair of scissors. When the scissors cut through the shoulder straps of her bra, Jane gasped. The back strap quickly followed suit; Max pulled the ruined undergarment away and reached around to gently grope her breasts. After a few seconds, she picked the scissors back up and sliced through Jane's panties. The bound girl knew she should care about her underwear being destroyed, but it was one of the cheap sets she had bought specifically for this purpose. Plus, she was so horny at this point she didn't care.

"There we go, my beautiful, naked slave... time for some additional adornments. Stay still, why don't you?"

Jane nodded, trying to stay as still as possible while Max walked off. A few seconds later, her mistress returned and pulled her back into a standing position. She dangled a large green ball-gag in front of Jane's face and whispered, "I bet you want this so badly, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress..."

"Say it."

"Please gag me, Mistress..."

Max's smile widened as she shoved the ball between Jane's teeth and

fastened the strap behind her head with quick, practiced movements. Once it was secure, Max slipped a sleep mask over her eyes. Instantly, Jane's vision was replaced with a field of black. A few seconds later, she squealed in pain as she felt something clamp down on her right nipple.

"You should count yourself lucky, slave," Max chuckled. "I'm just using clothespins. Can you imagine how bad it would hurt if I used the clover clamps or something?"

It still felt pretty painful to Jane. But she couldn't say or do anything about it, except squeal again as another clothespin clamped down on her left nipple. Max flicked them a few times, chuckling at the muffled moans it drew from Jane, before pushing her back down against the bed. Jane heard her walk back across the room and wondered what she was doing... then felt her face drain of color as she heard the snap of a belt.

Max must have sensed her fear, because she placed a gentle hand on her back and said softly, "If this is too much for you, make the safe word gesture with your hands and I'll switch to something softer. Or just stop. OK?"

Jane nodded, bracing herself for the impact of the belt. A few seconds later, she heard the swish of the belt through the air, and then it struck her ass with a sharp \*SMACK\*. Jane moaned into her gag, feeling the sting spread through her cheeks. She sensed Max pause, then wind up and swing the belt again. Before long, there were tears of pain in her eyes, and she was moaning loudly with every strike. She could only imagine how red her ass was at this point.

Finally, Max tossed the belt onto the bed and began running her hand softly along Jane's rear. "All done now..." she whispered soothingly. "No more spanking or pain for today... do you want some lotion?"

Jane nodded, trying not to sniffle. She heard Max leave the room and come back a minute later. Suddenly, she yelped into her gag as she felt something (or several somethings) small and freezing cold press against her ass... almost like... ice cubes?

"Sorry I lied," Max chuckled. "I figured rubbing some ice cubes on you

would have the same effect and be more fun for me. Does this make it feel better?"

"...mmm-hmm," Jane mumbled, realizing that the ice did have a surprisingly nice cooling effect on her skin. A shiver of arousal passed through her body (accompanied by a muffled moan) as Max dragged an ice cube across her pussy, then held it there.

"God, you're already wet... you really are such a slutty little girl, aren't you?"

Jane nodded. Part of her was embarrassed at how much she enjoyed the dirty talk; the rest of her was too turned on to care.

"Well, I guess I'll just have to get you wetter, then."

Max pulled the ice cubes away. Then Jane felt something spherical and rubber press against her clit.

"Whht'f thht?" Jane mumbled, not recognizing the object by touch.

"It's a massage wand. It's supposed to be even better than a vibrator or a dildo."

And then, without further ado, Max turned it on. Jane gasped, then moaned as she felt the vibrations course through her loins. *Holy shit, this is... this is amazing.*

"You like that, slave?"

"Nmf, Mnfrmff..."

"I'm glad. Let's turn it up a notch, shall we?"

Jane's moans grew louder as her mistress flicked the switch on the wand, turning the power from low to medium; she shifted around on the bed, trying to grind against the toy. The pain in her ass and nipples was barely noticeable at this point. All she could focus on was the pleasure building in her core.

"You're such a sexy little bitch..." Max whispered, an obvious note of arousal in her voice. Even though Jane couldn't see it, she had a

pretty good guess what the redhead was doing — slipping a hand into her underwear to play with herself. Then she turned the wand up to high, and Jane lost focus on everything else. She lifted her torso up a bit and moaned loudly into her gag, only for Max to stand up and push her back against the bed.

"Uh-uh, you're staying right where I want you. And remember, you're not allowed to cum until I tell you, OK?"

"Mmm-hmm..."

That was going to be easier said than done, though. The bound brunette could feel herself approaching an orgasm: her pussy was practically dripping at this point, her mind was a haze of incoherent thoughts, and the spark of arousal in her core had grown into a veritable bonfire. Just before she climaxed, however, Max pulled the wand away. Jane whined into her gag and shook her arms in displeasure.

"All in good time, slave."

The teasing continued, with Max pressing the wand against Jane's pussy, waiting until she was on the edge, and then pulling away. Each time, Jane moaned into her gag in frustration. This endless denial had to stop or she would go out of her mind.

Finally, Max knelt back down and sighed, "All right, slut, I'm feeling generous, so how about this. I'm gonna count down from 20, and then you can come. Deal?"

"Dmlm..." Jane mumbled, smiling weakly around her gag.

Max brought the wand back into contact with her captive's clit and began counting: "Twenty... Nineteen... Eighteen... Seventeen..."

She pulled the wand away, slapped Jane's ass a few times with her hand, then resumed her ministrations.

"Sixteen... Fifteen... Fourteen... Twelve... Eleven... Ten—" she turned the wand off, waited a few seconds, then turned it back on—"Nine... eight... seven... six..."

Jane's breath was coming in short, ragged bursts at this point, and her poor pussy was close to bursting. She could only hope she would be able to hold off until the countdown was finished.

"Five— and a half... five... four... three— and three quarters... three... two... come for me, bitch."

Jane let out a low, guttural moan and threw her head upward as her orgasm came crashing down on her. Max reached out and gently grasped one of her legs, trying to keep them from spasming; the other hand continued to rub the wand against Jane's crotch, drawing out her pleasure for as long as possible.

When she was completely spent, Jane flopped back down onto the bed, panting into her gag.

"Damn, that was a hell of an orgasm," Max chuckled. Jane heard the bedsprings creak, and then her blindfold was taken off, flooding her vision with light. She blinked a couple times before looking up to see Max sitting there, a wide grin on her face. The redhead reached behind her head and unbuckled the ball gag, pulling it from between the bound girl's teeth. Jane opened and closed her mouth, trying to work some feeling back into her jaws, then smiled shyly up at Max.

"How was it, slave?"

"It was amazing, Mistress... thank you... do you want me to eat you out now?"

"I was definitely thinking about it, but I think for now, we should wait until you've had a chance to breathe. Plus, you look so fucking cute from this angle."

Jane blushed slightly. "Thank you, Mistress."

"So, you're gonna remember to do your fair share of the chores from now on? Or am I going to have to keep reminding you with sessions like this?"

"I'll do my best to remember."

Suddenly, without warning, the door opened. Mike walked in with

his backpack slung over his shoulders and stared in shock at the sight before him. For a few long moments, nobody spoke. Then Mike shook his head and exclaimed, "Jane!... I asked you two to give me a heads-up whenever you did this stuff!"